Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to eno ble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knwes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remembe
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry
And Edward my poore ſonne at T
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea
I was a pack-horſe in his great affai
A weeder out of his proud aduerſa
A liberall rewarder of his friends
To royalize his blood I ſpilt mine
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better
Glo. In all which time, you and
Were factious for the houſe of La
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was no
In Margarets battaile at Saint All
Let me put in your mind, if yours
What you haue been ere now, and
Withall, what I haue been, and wh
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villai
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſak
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie
And for his meede (poore Lord) h
I would to God my heart were flin
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this w
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſh
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kin
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in th
Which here you vrge to proue
We followed then our Lord, our
So ſhould we now, if you ſhould b
Glo. If ſhould be? I had rathe
Farre be it from my heart the tho
Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lo
You ſhould enioy, were you this
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in
That I enioy, being the Queene t
Qu Mar. A little ioy enioyes th
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyle

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